DC

275

LOONEY TUNES

FRIDOLFS
LAWSON

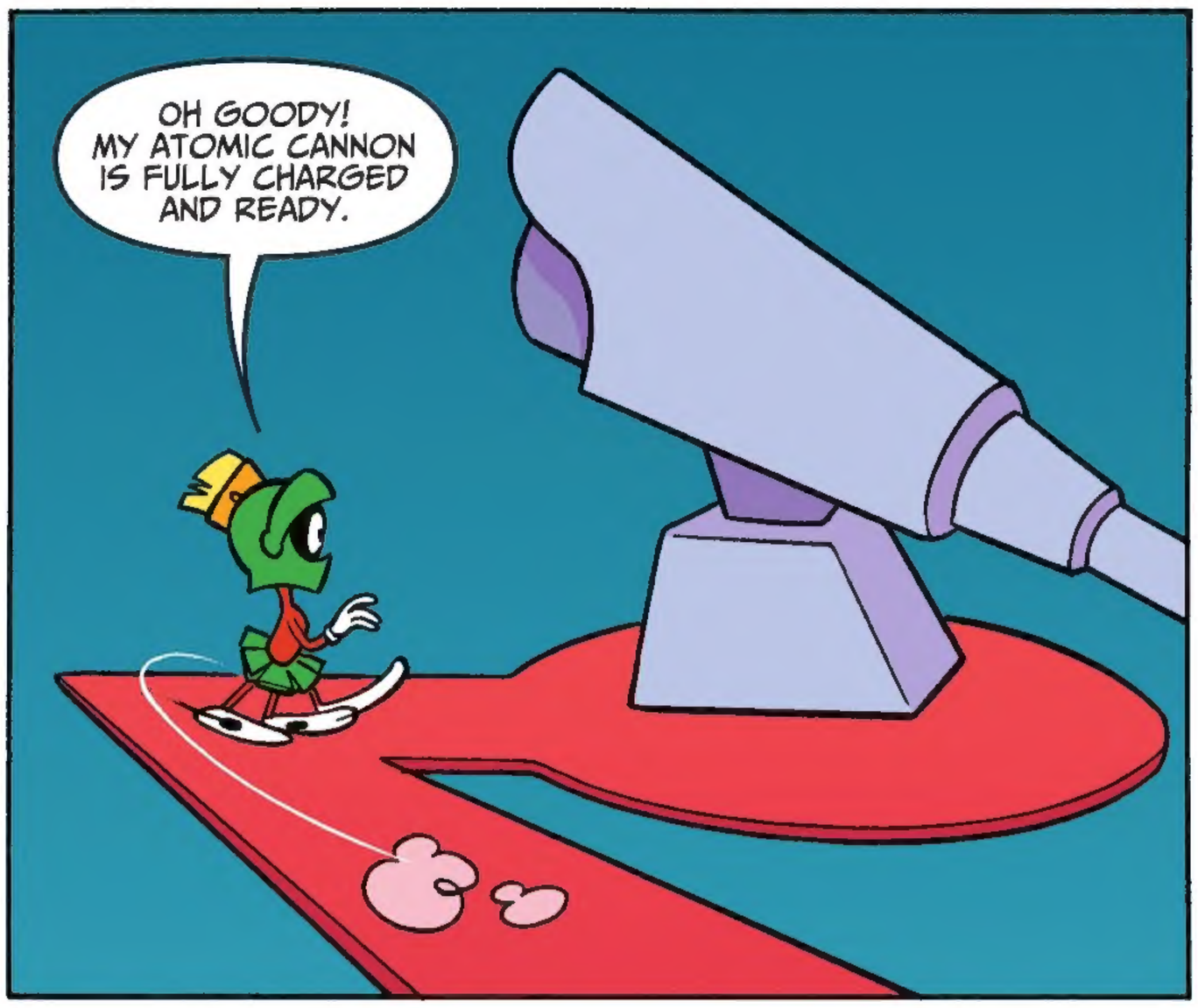
LOONEY TUNES™

GET OUT!

OH *DRAT!* THERE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE A *MARS-SHATTERING* KABOOM!

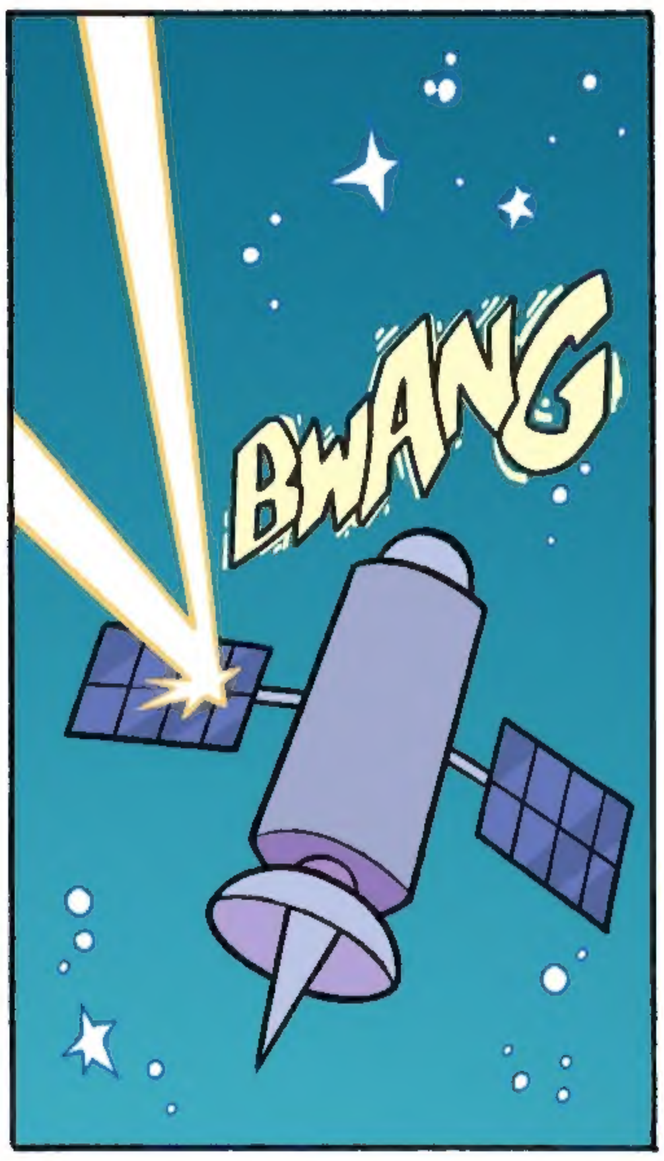
DEREK FRIDOLFS JAW!

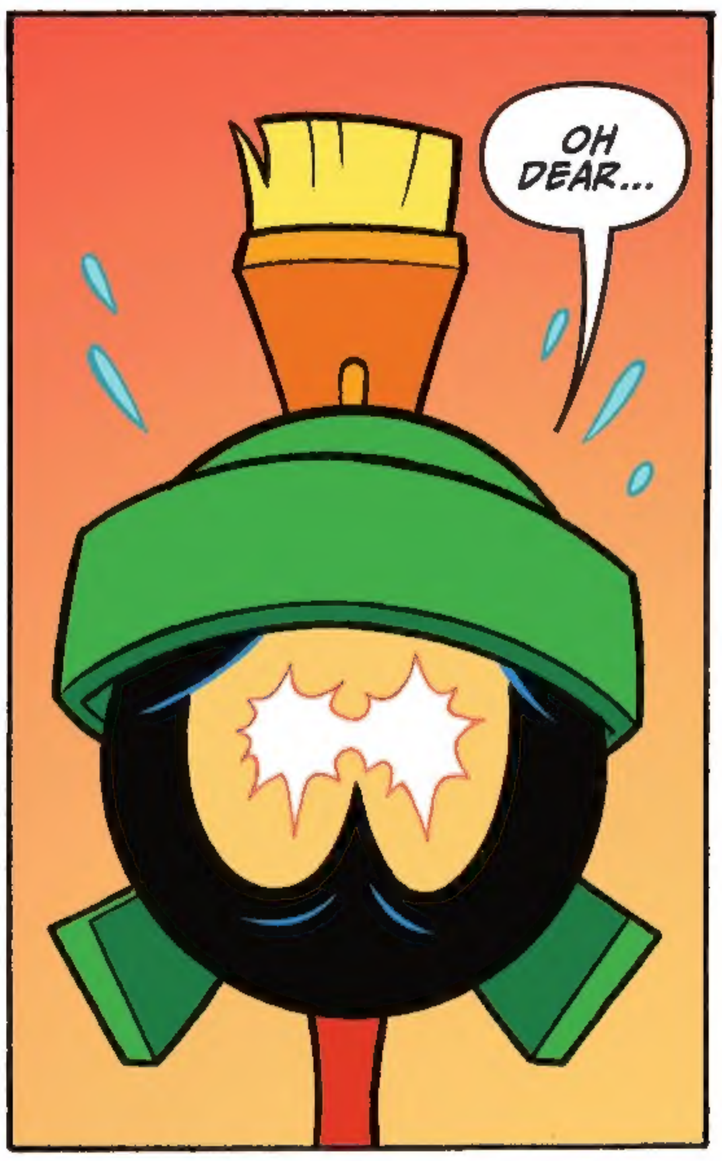
8+
EVERYONE

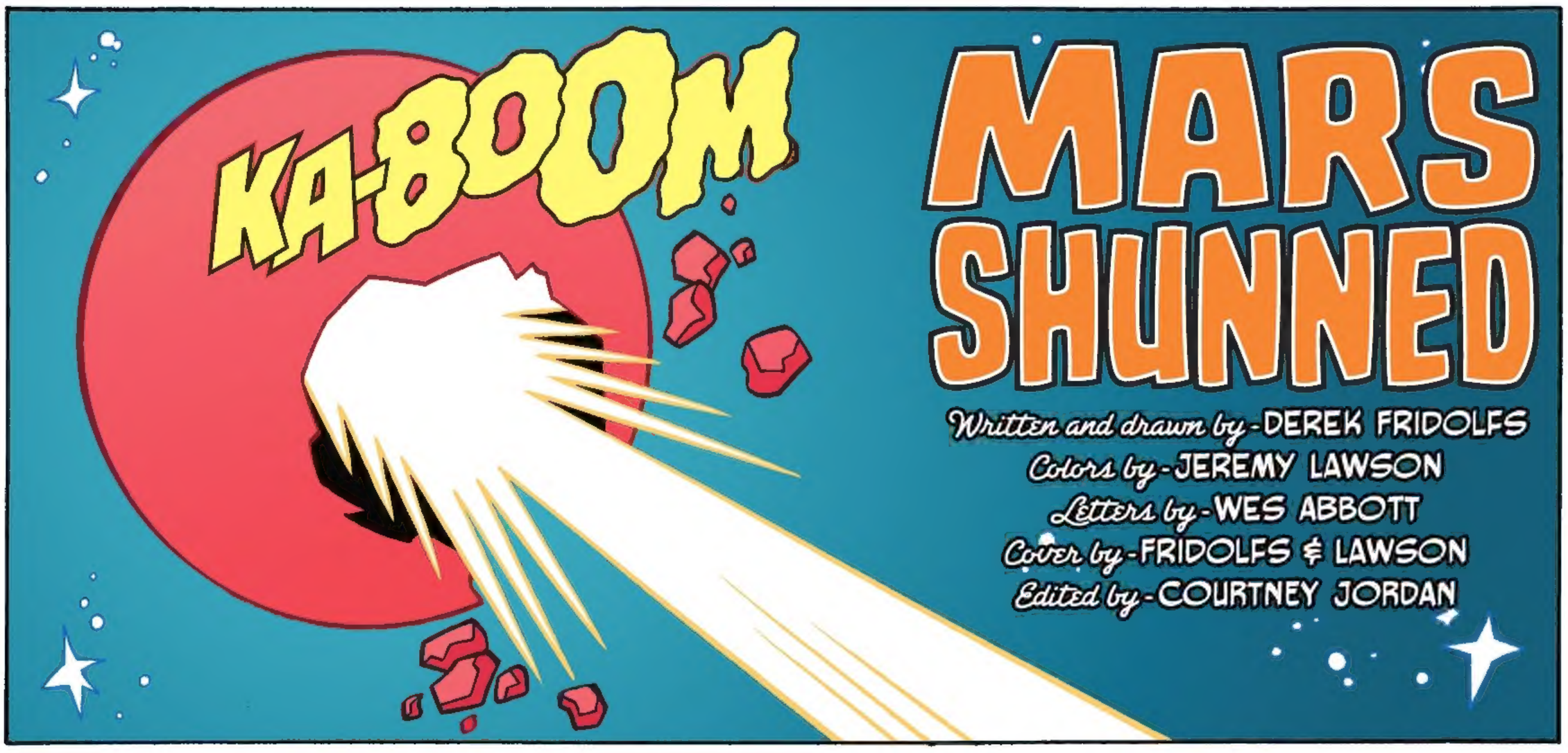

OH GOODY! MY ATOMIC CANNON IS FULLY CHARGED AND READY.

I DO SO LOVE TO DESTROY THE EARTH. SUCH A SILLY PLANET.
CLICK

KA-POW


BWANG


OH DEAR...


KA-BOOM
MARS SHUNNED
Written and drawn by - DEREK FRIDOLFS
Colors by - JEREMY LAWSON
Letters by - WES ABBOTT
Cover by - FRIDOLFS & LAWSON
Edited by - COURTNEY JORDAN

BEE-DOO BEE-DOO

POLICE

DOES THIS CONCERN HOVER BIKE RESTRICTIONS?

PARKING TICKETS DO MAKE ME QUITE NERVOUS.

SILENCE!

YOU HAVE FAILED TO DESTROY THE PLANET EARTH, YET AGAIN. THE MARTIAN COUNCIL IS IN FIRM AGREEMENT.

BANISHMENT!

THOK

CRANNNK

WHERE MIGHT ONE INQUIRE OF THE OFFICE OF APPEALS? HMM?

WHAMMO

THUDD

OH, HOW VERY RUDE AND NOT AT ALL NICE. WAS IT, K-9?

ISN'T THAT LOVELY? THEY ARE HERE TO WISH US WELL ON OUR VOYAGE!

MY FELLOW MARTIANS! IT IS WITH GREAT SADNESS THAT I DEPART. BUT I PLEDGE TO RETURN VICTORIOUS AND--

WHIPP

PEE-CHOO

THAT WAS MOST UNFORTUNATE!

PEE-CHOO

PEE-CHOOOO

THERE ARE MANY HABITABLE PLACES TO LIVE IN THE GALAXY. WHERE SHOULD WE BEGIN?

POINT

OH GLORIOUS DAY! MAYBE WE FOUND ONE ON OUR FIRST TRY.

SUCH A NICE PLACE TO CALL HOME. WOULDN'T YOU AGREE?

OH DEAR. IT'S VERY WARM.

AND BRIGHT.

WE APPEAR TO BE GETTING CLOSER TO THAT HOT SUN!

POOF

LET'S TRY SOMEPLACE COOLER.

GOOD BOY! DID YOU FIND SOMETHING?

THAT'S JUST PLUTO. QUITE INSIGNIFICANT.

NOT EVEN A PLANET. OR WORTH PLAYING FETCH, I'M AFRAID.

MAYBE SOMETHING WITH RINGS WOULD BE BETTER.

DON'T BE AFRAID, K-9. LET US GIVE IT A SPIN.

WHOA!

WAAAAAH!

PERHAPS SOMEPLACE MORE STABLE?

ONE SMALL STEP FOR MAN. ONE GIANT LEAP FOR US!

SMASH

THE GRAVITY HERE APPEARS LOW. ISN'T IT FANTASTIC?

TUMMY ALERT! WE REQUIRE FOOD REPLENISHMENT.

GRUMBLE MUMBLE

I AM TOLD THIS MOON IS MADE OF CHEESE. HOW FORTUITOUS!

CRUNCHH

PTOOOKE

OH DEAR. I APPEAR TO BE ALLERGIC.

DON'T WORRY, K-9. THERE'S ONE LAST PLACE TO TRY.

PINGG

KLUDD

CLANGG

KRASHH

NO UFO!

HATE U

GREETINGS, EARTHLINGS. WE COME IN... =GULP= ... PEACE?!

OOO... NOT VERY WELCOMING, ARE THEY? HOW VERY ANNOYING!

GO HOME

NO

EEP! THE GRAVITATIONAL FIELD OF THAT QUANTUM ANOMALY IS PULLING US INSIDE!

OH DANDY. HOW VERY PEACEFUL AND QUIET.

I FIND BLACK HOLES VERY SOOTHING. VERY SOOTHING INDEED!

BUT QUITE HARD TO SEE.

K-9, CAN YOU LOCATE THE LIGHT SWITCH?

KLIK

PEE-YOO! WHAT IS THAT REPULSIVE SMELL?

IT APPEARS WE'VE FOUND THE GALAXY'S TRASH DUMP.

I SUPPOSE THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO--

HOME SWEET HOME?

That's all Folks!

YOU BETTER COME *QUIETLY,* CHICKEN! IT'S *DINNER* TIME, AND I DON'T LIKE MY DRUMSTICKS *NOISY!*

LEGGO MY *LEG,* BOY. AH'M NOT *FINISHED* WITH IT YET!

THAT HENERY HAWK'S GOT LESS *"CENTS"* THAN AN *EMPTY GUMBALL MACHINE!* A BOY THAT AGE SHOULD BE OUT *PLAYING* ON A FINE DAY LIKE THIS, NOT BOTHERING HARDWORKING ROOSTERS!

OR EVEN *NOT*-SO-HARDWORKING ROOSTERS.

AT LAST, K-9--THE PLANET *EARTH!* JUST THE PLACE TO BEGIN MY CONQUEST OF THE KNOWN GALAXIES!

AND HERE COMES THE FIRST EARTH CREATURE FOR ME TO *CONQUER!*

OH, NOT AGAIN. WHAT'S THAT *NO-SENSE CHICKEN HAWK* UP TO NOW? AND WHAT'S HE DOIN' WITH THAT *BUCKET* ON HIS HEAD?

RED PLANET ROOSTER

SHOLLY FISCH – WRITER ROBERT POPE – PENCILLER SCOTT McRAE - INKER
CANDACE SCHINZLER-BELL – COLORIST SAIDA TEMOFONTE – LETTERER
BRITTANY HOLZHERR - EDITOR

GREETINGS, EARTH CREATURE! I AM ***MARVIN THE MARTIAN,*** COME TO INVADE YOUR PLANET AND CONQUER THE KNOWN GALAXIES! ISN'T THAT ***LOVELY?***

WHY ARE YOU WEARING THAT THING ON YOUR ***HEAD,*** BOY? IT MAKES YOU LOOK A LITTLE ***PALE!***

GET IT? ***"PAIL"?*** THAT'S A ***JOKE,*** SON!

OH NO, I ASSURE YOU, I REALLY ***AM*** A FEARSOME MARTIAN CONQUEROR!

HAW! YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT ***IDEA,*** BOY, BUT YOU'LL NEVER CONVINCE ANYONE ***THAT*** WAY!

"MARTIAN"? WELL, NOW, THAT'S MORE ***LIKE*** IT, BOY! HAVING SOME GOOD, CLEAN FUN PLAYING ***SPACEMAN!***

WHY, YOU LOOK ***NOTHING LIKE*** A MARTIAN!

WELL, ACTUALLY--

AND NO SELF-RESPECTING MARTIAN WOULD CALL HIMSELF ***"MARVIN"!***

BUT I WAS NAMED AFTER MY ***GRANDF--***

REAL MARTIANS HAVE NAMES LIKE ***XEROX THE TERRIBLE*** OR ***ZY-2963!***

THEY DO?

LUCKILY, YOU CAME TO ***FOGHORN LEGHORN!*** AH HAPPEN TO BE AN ***EXPERT*** ON ***EXTRATERRESTRITORIAL LIFE FORMS!*** AH SAW "INVASION OF THE POTATO PEOPLE" ***SEVENTEEN TIMES!***

IN ***3-D,*** EVEN!

PAY ATTENTION, BOY, AND AH'LL TEACH YOU HOW TO BE A MARTIAN!

I DON'T THINK YOU QUITE GRASP THE SITUATION...

NOW, MARTIANS TALK LIKE THIS...

"...BEEP-BEEP-TAKE-ME-TO-YOUR-LEADER-BEEP."

NO, I DON'T BELIEVE SO. MARTIANS ARE STICKLERS FOR DICTION.

I DO WISH YOU'D SIMPLY LET ME CONQUER YOU.

AND THEY WALK AROUND ALL STIFF AND AWKWARD, LIKE THEIR PANTS ARE FULL OF TWO-WEEK-OLD SUCCOTASH.

"...BEEP-BEEP-TAKE-ME-TO-YOUR-LEADER-BEEP."

OH, NOW YOU'RE JUST BEING INSULTING.

IF YOU WILL NOT ALLOW ME TO *CONQUER* YOU, I SHALL SIMPLY *ANNIHILATE* YOU WITH MY DEVASTATING *SUBATOMIC OBLITERATOR!*

SAY, MIGHTY FANCY *TOY POPGUN* YOU HAVE THERE, BOY. HAND IT HERE, AND LET ME TAKE A GANDER AT IT.

NO! REMOVE YOUR HANDS FROM MY DEVASTATING *SUBATOMIC OBLITERATOR!*

THERE, THERE, BOY. AH'M NOT GONNA *HURT* YOUR TOY ANY! AH JUST WANT TO TAKE A LITTLE *PEEK* AT IT!

KLUNK

HM. MUST BE AN *EARLY AUTUMN* THIS YEAR.

YOU ARE TRULY MAKING THIS CONQUEST *INCONVENIENT.*

SO I SUPPOSE IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT I INCONVENIENCE *YOU* IN TURN. K-9...

...SIC 'IM!

GRRRRRRR!

DOG? IS THAT YOU?

DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE TAKING THIS *PLAYING SPACEMAN* A LITTLE TOO SERIOUSLY?

MIND YOUR *MANNERS,* DOG! DON'T BE SO *RAMBUNCTIOUS!*

SLAP

AND GO WASH OFF THAT RIDICULOUS *GREEN PAINT!* YOU LOOK LIKE A *FLOUNDER* WHO SWALLOWED SOME *ROTTEN APPLES...*

...GREEN AROUND THE GILLS, THAT IS.

NOW, WHERE WAS I? OH YEAH, LET ME...

...HUH? WHERE ARE YOU *GOING*, BOY?

BACK TO MARS! IF ALL EARTHLINGS ARE AS IRRITATING AS ***YOU***, I DON'T ***WANT*** TO CONQUER THEM!

DON'T GO AWAY ***MAD***, BOY! AH DIDN'T--AH SAY, AH DIDN'T MEAN TO SPOIL YOUR LITTLE GAME.

YEESH. BOY'S ***TOUCHIER*** THAN AN OCTOPUS AT A ***SINGLES' DANCE.***

AH CAN SEE AH'LL HAVE TO ***DISTRACT*** THE BOY IN ORDER TO CHEER HIM UP.

WELL NOW, AH DO DECLARE! THAT'S A FINE-LOOKING ***MOTOR SCOOTER*** YOU HAVE THERE, BOY!

AH'LL TELL YOU WHAT--AS A PEACE OFFERING, AH'LL GIVE YOUR SCOOTER A LITTLE ***TUNE-UP!***

AH HAPPEN TO BE AN ***EXCELLENT*** MECHANIC.

NOW, WHICH OF THESE GADGETS IS THE ***ENGINE?***

OH, ***THERE*** YOU ARE, CHICKEN!

LET'S GO! YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH A ***FRYING PAN*** AND A SIDE OF ***GRAVY!***

OH, ***NO*** YOU DON'T! NO CHICKEN'S GONNA FLY AWAY FROM ME!

SETTLE DOWN, BOY! HOW DO YOU EXPECT ME TO TUNE UP YOUR SCOOTER IF YOU KEEP ***FLAPPING YOUR GUMS*** LIKE A FLAG IN A ***STIFF*** WIND?

I CAN FEEL THE ***BREEZE*** CLEAR OVER HERE!

I'M SORRY, K-9. I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU WERE *LOOKING FORWARD* TO CONQUERING EARTH.

PERHAPS TOMORROW, WE'LL CONQUER *VENUS* INSTEAD. WOULDN'T THAT BE *FUN?*

GOOD THING AH WAS ON HAND TO FIX THIS ENGINE! WHY, AH CAN'T EVEN TELL WHAT HALF OF THESE PARTS *ARE!*

PROBABLY NOT *IMPORTANT* ANYHOW. AH'LL JUST CLEAR THEM OUT OF THE WAY...

EGAD! WHATEVER COULD BE WRONG WITH THIS SHIP?

KRROING

KAPOW

CHUG

FORTUNATELY, MARS IS STRAIGHT AHEAD. I SHALL HAVE TO MAKE AN *EMERGENCY LANDING.*

FINISHED! NOW YOU'RE ALL SET TO "FLY" YOUR PRETEND "SPACESHIP"! AH'VE GOT THIS BUGGY *PURRING* LIKE A KITTEN.

WELL, A KITTEN WITH A *BAD COUGH,* ANYWAY.

WH--? YOU?!

UH, BOY, THIS IS THE PART WHERE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO *THANK* ME FOR FIXING UP YOUR LITTLE BUGGY HERE.

"THANK" YOU?!

YOU'RE WELCOME.

MANNERS ARE A SIGN OF *GOOD BREEDING,* AH ALWAYS SAY.

WHAT ARE YOU EVEN *DOING* HERE?! I WAS SUPPOSED TO INVADE *EARTH! YOU* WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO INVADE *MARS!*

TARNATION BOY, YOU'RE *STILL* NOT GETTING IT!

TRY IT LIKE *THIS:* "TAKE-ME-TO-YOUR-LEADER-*BEEP-BEEP.*"

NOT *AGAIN!*

I SEE I SHALL HAVE TO CALL FOR *REINFORCEMENTS!*

PANIC BUTTON

HOO-BOY WILL YOU PANIC

THERE! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF *THAT,* HMM?

*SAYYYYYY...*WAIT A MINUTE. WHAT ARE YOU DOING *HERE* WHEN YOU'RE ALSO STANDING OVER *THERE?*

AND THIS *ISN'T* OUR BARNYARD. WHAT IS THIS PLACE, ANYWAY?

ISN'T IT OBVIOUS?

IT'S *CHICKEN HAWK HEAVEN!*

JUST *LOOK* AT THE SIZE OF THOSE *DELICIOUS CHICKENS!*

THEY SURE GROW 'EM *BIG* AROUND HERE!

That's all Folks!

MARS NEEDS DUCKS

EARL KRESS: WRITER WALTER CARZON: PENCILS RUBEN TORREIRO: INKS
PAT BROSSEAU: LETTERS DAVE TANGUAY: COLORS HARVEY RICHARDS: ASST. EDITOR JOAN HILTY: EDITOR

DUCK DODGERS, MARS *NEEDS* YOU!

WELL, *THERE'S* A *STUNNINGLY* IMPROBABLE TURN OF EVENTS!

TH-THAT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT!

WE HAVE DECIDED THAT *MARS* AND THE *EARTH* SHOULD GET ALONG PEACEFULLY!

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT *THAT*, CADET?

I THINK IT'S A T-TRIC...A T-TRIC...I *DON'T* BELIEVE IT, SIR!

WB# 2097

IT'S NOT A TRICK!

YOU C-COULD HAVE *MUTED THE SOUND*, SIR.

OOPS... HEE, HEE!

MARS IS BEING ATTACKED BY *NEPTUNIAN PEANUT CREATURES*...

KRIZZIT

ONLY THE *GREATEST SPACE HERO* IN THE UNIVERSE CAN HELP US NOW!

AND JUST *WHO* WOULD THAT BE?

I THINK SHE'S T-TALKING ABOUT *Y-Y-YOU!*

OF *COURSE* SHE'S TALKING ABOUT *ME!* WHO *ELSE* COULD IT HAVE BEEN?

ER, WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT ANGRY-LOOKING MARTIAN GUY THAT WAS ALWAYS TRYING TO *KILL* ME?

HE'S BEEN REASSIGNED FOR *FAILING* TO KILL YOU!

YOUR *TEA*, YOUR HIGHNESS!

AND *NOW* WE REALIZE THAT IT'S *LUCKY* FOR US HE FAILED BECAUSE *WE NEED YOU!* WILL YOU HELP US?

SPLERSH

WHOOPSY!

YOU CAN COUNT ON *DUCK DODGERS OF THE 24TH AND A HALF CENTURY!*

HOW WAS *THAT*, CADET? DID I COME OFF *HEROIC* AND *SPIFFY*?

SP-SP-SPIFFY AS ALL GET OUT, S-SIR!

PWIF

SLIMPHT

YOU CLUMSY OAF!

SORRY, YOUR HIGHNESS! IT'S THESE HIGH HEELS! THEY'RE *MURDER* ON THE ANKLES!

PWIF

AS SOON AS WE'VE GOT DODGERS BUSY FIGHTING OFF OUR *PHONY NEPTUNIAN PEANUT CREATURES*, YOU CAN GO *ANNIHILATE EARTH!*

MY PLEASURE, MY QUEEN!

S-S-SOMETHING DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT, C-CAP'N DODGERS!

YOU'RE *CORRECT*, CADET!

THIS *HAIR* WAS *OUT OF PLACE!* I DOUBT THAT THEY NOTICED, THOUGH!

THEY D-D-DEFINITELY DIDN'T NOTICE, BECAUSE THEY'RE *P-P-PLOTTING SOMETHING!*

AW, YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T ASK YOU!

IF YOU S-S-SAY SO, SIR.

SHORTLY, IN THE QUEEN'S THRONE ROOM...

DODGERS, *THANK GOODNESS* YOU'RE HERE!

HAVE NO FEAR, QUEENIE! NOW, WHERE ARE THOSE PEANUT PEOPLE? I'LL *DISCOMBOBULATE* THEM WITH MY *DISCOM-BOBULATOR!*

NEPTUNIAN, PREPARE TO TASTE DISCOMBOBU-LATION!

CLICK

SQUINKLE

WHAT DO YOU KNOW? THE *DISCOMBOBULATOR DISCOMBOBULATED!*

=URK!= THIS MIGHT BE A GOOD TIME TO MENTION THAT I'M *ALLERGIC* TO *PEANUTS!*

ZAP

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE SHIP! COULDN'T YOU SEE I HAD EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL?

S-S-SORRY, CAP'N.

BUT AS LONG AS YOU'RE HERE, *YOU* WHACK THE NEPTUNIANS WHILE *I* GUARD QUEENIE!

COME, K-9, WE'RE GOING TO DESTROY A PLANET! WHAT JOLLY FUN!

SAY, WHERE'S THAT *MAID* OF YOURS? GETTING CHOKED MAKES A FELLA *MIGHTY THIRSTY!*

OH, HE'S...UH...RUNNING AN ERRAND FOR ME!

WELL, *GET HIM UP HERE!* IT'S ABOUT TIME THAT EIGHT-BALL DID SOMETHING *NICE* FOR ME!

CENTURION, *SUMMON THE COMMAND*...ER, MY *MAID!*

CLAP

CLAP

THE QUEEN DEMANDS TO SEE HER MAID... *NOW!*

BUT I WAS JUST GETTING READY TO...OH, VERY WELL. I'LL BE RIGHT THERE.

HEY THERE, SHEILA, GET ME A *MOONBEAM FLOAT* AND PUT IN AN *EXTRA CHERRY!*

YES, THAT SOUNDS GOOD. *I'LL* HAVE ONE, TOO.

BUT, YOUR HIGHNESS, I HAVE TO DESTROY THE EARTH!

WE DON'T WANT *HIM* TO GET *SUSPICIOUS!* GET THE DRINKS, *THEN* GO!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE JUST SAID, BUT IF *MY* SERVANTS EVER *LIPPED-OFF* TO ME, THERE'D BE *HECK* TO PAY! RIGHT, CADET?

H-H-HECK IS RIGHT, SIR!

HERE ARE YOUR...

...REFRESHMENTS!

WHOOSH

OH, HOW *CLUMSY* OF ME! BETTER CALL THE MAID!

CRASH

FINE. SURE. WHATEVER.

BRAP

ZAP

QUEEN'S MAID REPORT TO THE THRONE ROOM IMMEDIATELY!

DRAT!

SKREEEECH

:HUFF: YOU :PUFF: RANG, YOUR HIGH-NESS?

LOOK AT YOU! YOU'RE *OUT OF UNIFORM*, NOT TO MENTION QUITE *SLOVENLY!*

I'LL DO BETTER NEXT TIME!

SEE THAT YOU DO! *BRR!* IS ANYONE ELSE COLD? COMPUTER, WHERE IS THAT *DRAFT* COMING FROM?

THE CARGO BAY DOORS ARE OPEN.

WELL, *CLOSE 'EM*, WOULD YA? A GUY COULD CATCH THE *MARTIAN FLU* IN HERE!

CARGO BAY DOORS CLOSING!

OH, DEAR!

SLAM

GET OUT OF HERE, DUCK DODGERS!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE *NEPTUNIAN PEANUT PEOPLE?*

I'LL HANDLE THEM *MYSELF!* JUST GO HOME TO EARTH! *THE RIVALRY IS BACK ON!*

YOU *KNEW ALL ALONG* IT WAS A T-TRIC...T-TRIC... *FAKE!*

MY *KEEN INSIGHT* IS JUST *ONE* OF MY VIRTUES, CADET!

THAT, AND THE THINGS I LEARN FROM MY STASH OF 21ST-CENTURY *COMIC BOOKS! HOO-HOO!*

PEANUT TALES

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

Enjoy a special sneak peek at
AMETHYST: PRINCESS OF GEMWORLD
written by Shannon Hale and Dean Hale
and drawn by Asiah Fulmore!

You okay?

Was it hard after you lost your parents? I mean, how long did the ache last? Never mind, that's a stupid question. Sorry.

No, it's okay, I...

You know, I can't even remember them. I must've been a baby when they died. Aunt Trina never talks about it.

Is that weird?

Hmmm...

You know what's weirder? When I try to think about them, my thoughts feel all... slippery.

Ugh.

Hey, it's purple-head and crybaby!

"Purple head"? Really? And who even says "crybaby"?

You talk too much.

And you take up too much space. But these are our burdens to bear, Kevin.

Hah!

SNAP!

Taking Amaya's pendant? That was a mistake.

Ow!

Aw, did my pointy-wointy pendant poke you?

Weirdo. Something is wrong with you.

Something is wrong with *me*?

You're like a greased pig—

Excuse me?

I can't ever seem to grab you.

Bet I could get your little bestie.

Rah!

Hey!

Lady Amethyst! I finally found you!

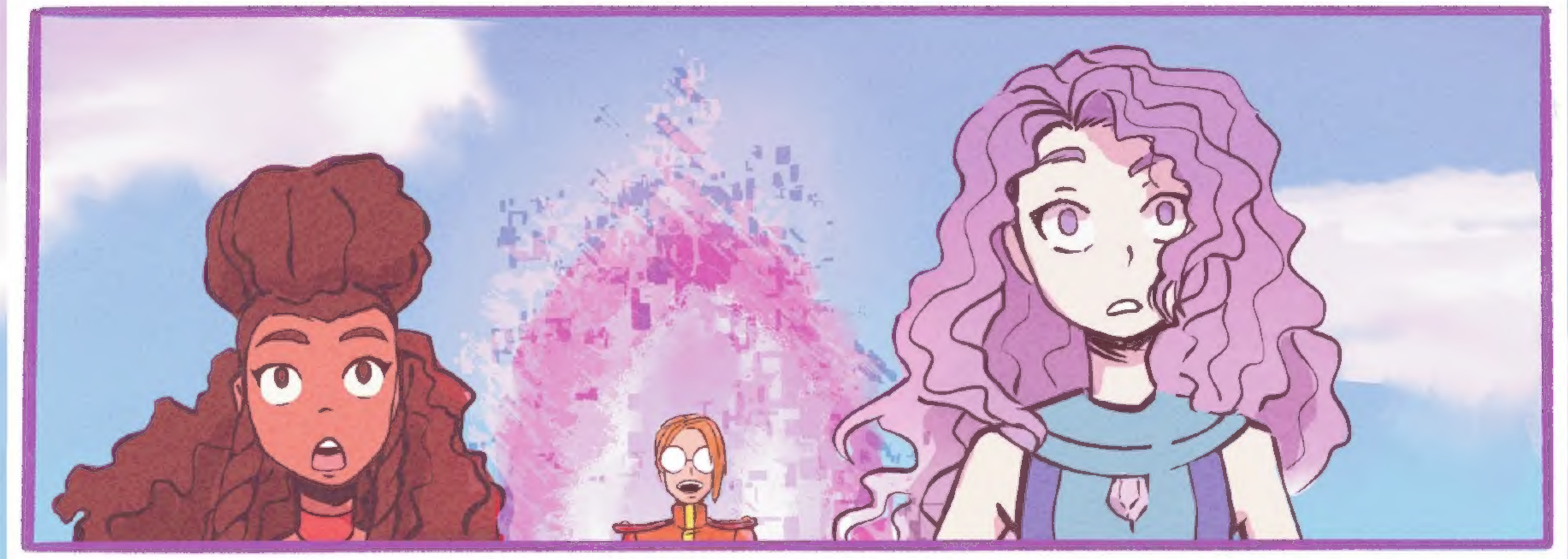
Please, there's no time! Take my hand! Gemworld needs you!

Without thinking, Amaya reached out to this stranger.

As if her hand knew what her head had forgotten.

SHKRT!

Wut?



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The kingdom she doesn't remember needs her now more than ever!

AMETHYST

princess of gemworld

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